MY MAN JOHN.

Virtues and His Many Wonderful Exploits

TOLD BY WAR CORRESPONDENT

hibald Forbes-"No, Master, Many Ladies Are Loving Me, but I Don't Love No Ladios"-How He Parted

(Copyright, 1893, by the Author.) The Sunday Gazette: an is a foriorn and decayed settle-t on the west coast of Hindustan, hast remaining relic of the once dominions of the Portuguese in

Inhabitants are Roman Catholic, since, in the sixteenth century, St. als Xavier, the colleague of Loyola unding the Society of Jesus, bap-

the Goanese in a mass, once splendid capital is now a mitic wreck, its cathedrals and hes are ruined and roofless, and a few black nuns remain to keep t the sacred fire before a crumbling

day the adult males of Goa, such of odny the adult males of Goa, such of in as have any enterprise, emigrate o less dull and dead regions of India, I are found everywhere as cooks, ship wards, nessengers, and in similar and capacities. They all call themses Portuguese and own high-sound-Portuguese surnames. Domingo de nealvez de Soto will cook your curry, I Pedro de Guiterrez is content to atd your children. The vice of those ky noblemen is their addiction to ak. The better sort are eager to noblemen is their addiction to The better sort are eager to a traveling servants, and when



GAVE HIM THEN AND THERE A SOUND BEATING."

the have the lock to chance on a reason-ple found anywhere, Being a Christian be found anywhere, Being a Christian he has no caste, and has no religious samples preventing him from wiping your razor after you have shaved, or from eat-ing his dinner after your shadow has the happened to fall across the table.

A SERVANT'S CLUB. Bombay there is a regular club or is society of those Goanese traveling ser-vants, and when the transient wayfarer lands in that city from Peninsular and Oriental small boats, one of the first tidings he is advised to do is to send round to the "Goa club" and desire the

retary to send him a traveling serretary to send him a traveling serhi.
The result is a lower. The man ares—mostly a good-holing fellow, tall
d slight, of very data dive complexwith smooth, glossy is, large, soft
s, and well out feature. He proces a packet of chared and mongy testimials of character from product empers, all full of commendation, and
one of which is worth the paor it is
aten on, because the good-holyred
vious employer was too soft of out
speak his mind on paper. If
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speak his mind on paper.
drunken, lazy and dishonest, Bartolco, who has learnt to read English,
appliy destroys the "chit," and the
en man's object is thus frustrated,
int you must take the Gos man as he you must take the Goa man as he a, for it is a law of the society that embers are offered in strict succes-

and that no picking and choosing is G. P. HENTY'S LUCK.

then with the Prince of Wales during our in India, the man who feil to me tod, steady, honest Francis—was aly a dusky jewel. My comrade, Mr. My, the well-known author of so ay boys' books, rather crowed over me muse Domlingo, his man, seemed more y and smart than did my Francis. Francis had often to attend on ty as well as on myself, when Dogo, the quick-witted, was lying blind ak at the back of the tent, and once again I have seen Henty carrying a on his back to the departing train a unconscious servant on whom at the funing he had congratulated him-G. P. HENTY'S LUCK.

the summer of 1878 Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, took it into head to pick a quarrel with the vic-of British India. Lord Lytten was ays spoiling for a fight himself, and there was every prospect of a lively

war should occur. It was my duty in the thick of it, and I reached bay well in time to see the opening

the compaign, the compaign of the compaign, the compaign, the compaign, the compaign of the co

cis," but was quite content to answer the name of "John." CURED JOHN OF FUDDLING.

currently of the vicercy I started the frontier where the army was must be parted the frontier where the army was must be lauded the boy kit and land the passage for India. The train of which I was a bound had during my absence the Carbineers.

In the dime is the depot in the land there is a bound in a chanter head to have everything at the depot in the carbineers.

In the carbineers of the vicercy I started the frontier where the army was must be parted in the passage for India. John, I found, had during my absence the Carbineers.

In the carbineers of the time is nessentially as the depot in the land the passage for India. John, I found, had during my absence the carbineers.

In the carbineers of the time is not because one of the promisent inhabitants of Durban. He had now the full that is card and draws all that is on it. Then the mass is the carbineers of that time accounts of the land they did it. His skill in dishes new to Natal, especially in carbineers with the man; I had crowded the restaurant, and the landlerd had false in the opportunity of raising his tariff. He came to me privity, as said frankly that John was making his fortune for him, that he was willing to give him a share in his bankness in a year's time if he would not dispense with the man; I had been and there severe beating. A fatigue party of raising his tariff, He came to me privity, as said frankly that John was making his fortune for him, that he was willing to give him a share in his bankness in a year's time if he would but early don't in a first k.

Next day he was sore but pendent.

The wages at which John served me;

The wages at which John served me;

The wages at which John served me; ohn seemed a capable man, but was astenly muzzy. After visiting Simia, headquarters of the vicercy, I started the frontier where the army was musing. On the way down I spent a ple of days at Usaballa to buy kit I saddlery. The train cy which I was not be travel up country was due at balls about midnight. I instructed m to have everything at the depot in at time, and went to dime at the mess the Carbineers.

a due time! I reached the station, acapanied by several officers of that fine

He was redeemed without resorting to the chloride of gold cure, and in his case at least I was quite as successful a practitioner as any Doctor Keeley could have been. John de Compostella, etc., was a dead sober man during my subsequent experiences of him, at least till close on the time we parted.

In one of the hill expeditions, the advanced section of the force I accompanied

JOHN AND I START FOR ZULU LAND.

There are many Hindoos engaged on the Natal sugar plantations, and in that particularly one-horse colony ev-

ery native of India is known indiscrimi-

HE SWAGGERED ACROSS THE PARK

TO CHURCH,

The state of the s

had gone astray.

him in favor of an opportunity so prote-ising.

Then I sent for John, explained to him the hotel-keeper's proposal, and suggested that he should take time to think the matter over, John wept. "I no stay here, master, not if it was 160 ruples a day. I so with master; I no stop in Durban Nothing could shake his resolve, so John and I came to England together.

JOHN MAKES A SUNSATION IN And, once cured of fuddling, he turned out a most worthy and efficient fellow. He lacked dash, but was as true as steel. In the attack on Ali Musjio in the throat of the Khyber Pass, the native groom who was leading my horse behind me, became demoralized by the rather heavy fire of big caimon balls from the fort, and skulked to the rear with the horse. John had no call to come under fire since the groom was specially paid for doing so; but abusing the latter for a coward in the expressive vernacular of India, he haid hold of the reins and was my right at my back just as the close musketry fighting began. He took his elmness through it manfully, had my pack pony up within half an hour after the fighting was over, and before the darkness fell had cooked a capital little dinner for my-self and a comrade whose commissariat JOHN IN THE BLOODY PASSES. JOHN MAKES A SENSATION IN

ENGLAND.

and I had been told I was paying him extravagantly, were \$11 a month. I told the landlord that I should not think of standing in the way of my man's prosperity, but would rather influence him in favor of an opportunity so promising

ENGLAND.

The only thing John did not like in England was that the street boys insisted on regarding him as a Zuln, and treating him contemeliously accordingly. His great delight was when I went on a round of visits to country houses; and took him with me as valet. Then he was the hero of the servant's hall, I will not say that he lied, but from anecdotes of him that occasionally came to my ears, it would seem he erented the impression that he habitually waded in knee-deep gore, and that he self and a comrade whose commissariat had gone astray.

Next morning the fort was found evacuated. I determined to ride back down the pass to the field-telegraph post at its mouth. The general wrote in my notebook a telegram announcing the good news to the commander-in-chief, and poor Cavignari, the political officer who was afterwards massacred at Cabul, wrote another message to the same effect to the viceroy. I expected to have to walk some distance back to our bivouce of the night; but lo! as I turned to go, there was John with my horse, close up.

ated the impression that he habitually waded in knee-deep gore, and that he was in the habit of contemplating with equanimity battlefields littered with the shaughtered combatants.

John was quite the small lion of the hour. He had very graceful ways, and great skill he making tasteful bouquets. These he would present to the ladies of the household when they came down stairs of a morning, with a graceful salaam, and the expression of a hope that they had slept well.

The spectacle of John scen from the drawing room windows of Chevening, Lord Stanhope's sent in Kent, as he swaggered across the park to church one Sunday morning in frack cont and silk hat, with a buxom cook on one arm and a tall and lean lady's mail on the other, will never be effaced from the recollection of those who witnessed it with shricks of laughter.

HOW I CAME TO PART WITH vanced section of the force I accompanied had to penetrate a narrow and gloomy pass which was beset on either side by swarms of Afghans, who slated us severely with their long range jezalis. With this leading detachment there somehow was no surgeon, and as men were going down and something had to be done, it devolved upon me as having some experience in this kind of work in previous campaigns, to undertake a spell of amsteur surgery.

HOW I CAME TO PART WITH JOHN.

In those days I lived in a flat, my In those days I lived in a list, my modest establishment consisting of an old housekeeper and John. For the most part my two domestics were good friends, but there were periods of estrangement, during which they were not on speaking torms; and when they sat on opposite sides of the kitchen table, and communicated with each other exclusively by written notes of an excampaigns, to undertake a spell of amsteur surgery.

John behaved magnificently as my assistant. With his light touch and long, lissom hands, the fellow seemed to have a natural instinct for successful bandaging; I was glad that we could do no more than bandage and that we had no instruments, else I believe that John would not have hesitated to undertake a capital operation. As for the Afghan bullets, he did not skrink as they splashed on the stones around him; he did not treat them with distain; he simply ignored them. and communicated with each other exclusively by written notes of an excessively formal character passed across the table. This stiffness lof cliquette had its amusing side, but was occasionally embarrassing, since neither was uniformally intelligible with the pen.

The result was that sometimes I got no dinner at all, and at other times, whea I was dining alone, the board grouned with the profusion, and when I had company there would not be enough to go round; those awkwardnesses arising from the absence of a good under-

them. The soldiers swore that he ought to have the war medal for the good and plucky work he was deing, and a major protested that if his full titles, which John always gave in full when his name was asked, had not been so confoundedly loug, he would have asked the general to mention the Gon man in the dispatches. John liked war, but he was not fond of the rapid changes of temperature upon the "roof of the world" in Afghanistan. During one twenty-four hours at Jelialabad, we had one man killed by a sunstroke and another frozen to death on sentry duty in the night. One Christ-John always gave in full when his name was asked, had not been so confoundedly long, he would have asked the general to mention the Goa man in the dispatches.

John liked war, but he was not fond of the rapid changes of temperature upon the "roof of the world" in Afghanistan. During one twenty four hours at Jellalabad, we had one man killed by a sunstroke and another frozen to death on sentry duty in the night. One Christmas morning when I arose at sunrise, the thermometer was far below freezing point; the water in the brass basin in my tent was frazen solid, and I was glad to wrap myself in furs. At noon the thermometer was over a hundred in the shade, and we were all so hot as to wish with Sydney Smith that we could take off our flesh and sit in our bones. John was delighted when as there seemed no immediate prospect of further hostilities in Afghanistan, I departed thereform to pay a visit to King Thebaw of Burmah, who

he repudiated the aspersion with the quaint denial:

"No, master, many ladies are loving me, but I don't love no ladies."

However, I had in view to spend a winter in the States, and resolved to send John home. He wept copiously when I told him of this resolve, and professed his anxiety to die in my service. But I remained firm, and reminded him that he had not seen his wife in Goa for hearly three years. That argument appeared to carry little weight with him, but he tearfully submitted to the inevitabilit. I made him a good present, and obistan, I departed therefrom to pay a visit to King Thebaw of Burmah, who has since been disestablished. When in the capital of Mandalay there came to me a telegram from England, informing me of the massucre by the Zulus of a thousand British soldiers at Isandiawana in South Africa; and instructing me to hurry thither with the Hindoo dislike to cross the dark dt. I made him a good present, and ob-ained for him from the Peninsular and water, and he accompanied me to Aden, where we made connection with a postained for him from the l'eninsular and Oriental people a free passage to Bombay, and wages besides in the capacity of a saloen steward. I saw him off from Southampton; at the moment of parting he emitted lugubrious howls.

He never fulfilled his promise of writing to me, and I gave up the expectation of hearing of him any more. ty little steamer which called into ev-ery paltry and fever-smelling Portu-guese port all along the east coast of Africa and at lengto dropped as at Durban, the seaport of the British col-ony of Natal in South Africa, and the base of the warlike operations against

I MEET "MR. COMPOSTELLA DE CRUCIS."

Some two years later I went to Australia by way of San Francisco and New Zealand. At Auckland I found trails by way of San Francisco and New Zealand. At Auckland I found letters and newspapers awaiting me from Sydney and Melbourne. Among the papers was a Melbourne illustrated journal, on a page of which I found a full length portrait of the redoubtable John, his many-syllabled name given at full length, with a memoir of his military experience, affixed to which was a facsimile of the certificate of character which I had given him when we parted. It was further stated that "Mr. Compostella de Crucis" was for the present serving in the capacity of butler to a financial magnate in one of the suburbs of Melbourne, but that it was his intention to purchase the good-will of a thriving restaurant named.

Among the first to greet me on the Melbourne jetty was John, radiant with delight, and eager to accompany me throughout my projected lecture tour. I dissuaded him in his own interest from doing so, and when I finally quitted the pleasant city by the shore of Hobson's bay, John was running with success the "Malson Dore" in Bourke street.

STAMP SAVINGS BANKS.

A Novel Scheme in the Boston Public Schools.

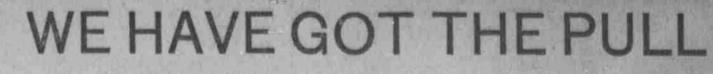
A Boston special says: It is proposed to introduce the stainp savings bank, or as it is better known, the stainp savings system, into the Hoston public schools, and an order to this end is now before the school beard.

The system, which is under the charge of a society of the same name, has for its object the encouragement of the saving of small sums from 1 cent upward among children. There is a central office, where are to be obtained brightly colored stamps of six denominations and stamp carris. stamp cards.

stamp cards.

There are branches established in schools or factories, wherever one person can be found who will be responsible for the money, and who, by virtue of his work, which by the way, is voluntary, is called treasurer. This local treasurer obtains from the central office as many stamps and stamp cards as he thinks he is likely to have depositors. To each person wishing to become a depositor the local treasurer gives a card and sells as many stamps and stamp as he has money for. These stamps must be pated on the card. The card, when full, will probably contain about \$5.

As soon as the child has stamps for that sum the money is taken and deposited for him in some savings bank that he may designate. The \$5 once deposited he begins again, and the small sums grow to a larger one under his nately by the term of "coolie." John, it is true, was a native of India, but he was no "coolie." he could read, write, and speak English, and was sitogiher a superior person. I would not take him up country to be bullied and demeaned as a "coolie," and I made for him an arrangement with the proprietor of my hotel that during my absence John should help to wait in his restnutant.



HOW AND WHY WE DRAW THE TRADE.

We are drawing customers every day by the tremendous power of LOW PRICES. We are satisfying customers every day with the QUALITY of the goods which we sell at low prices. There is nothing in a low price unless the quality is back of it. Remember that you must understand the quality of our goods before you can understand our prices. We want everybody to examine our new stock on its merits as a collection of strictly first-class goods. You will find them honest, serviceable and reliable, and with that knowledge in your mind we shall make you LOW PRICES THAT MEAN SOMETHING. The only low price that amounts to anything is a low price, QUALITY CONSIDERED. We give just that -- a good article worth all we ask. Some people make the mistake of buying cheap goods at cheap prices, thinking they are getting a low price. This is a species of humbug that many persist in calling economy. NOTHING is low priced unless it is a good, honest article. Cheap stuff is cheap stuff at any price. We sell good, honest goods of all grades and nothing else. You want nothing else. We make the lowest prices, quality considered. You will not consider any price without quality. Now why shall we not do business together? We agree on everything but the day you will call, and that we leave to your convenience. THIS WAY TO

Crowley & Simms, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

By Myra S. Delane.

For The Sunday Garette:

When Pareps was over here she was everywhere the people's idol. The great opera houses in all our cities and towns were througed. There were none to criticise or earp. Her young, rich, grand voice was boyond compare. Its glorious tones are remembered with an enthusiasm like that which greeted her when she sans.

when she same.

Her company played in New York during the Easter holidays, and I, as an old friend, claimed some of her leisure hours. We were friends in Italy, and this Easter day was to be spent with

me.

At 11 in the morning she sang at one of the large churches; I waited for her and at last we two were alone in my snug little rooms. At noon the sky was overcast and grey. Down came the snow, whitening the streets and roofs. The wind swept icy breaths from the water as it came up from the bay, and rushed past the city spires, and over tall buildings, whirling around us the snow and storm. and storm. We had hurried home, shut and fast-

ened our blinds, drawn close the curtains, and piled coal higher on the glowing



grate. We had taken off our wraps and now sat close to the cheery fire, for a whole afternoon's blessed enjoyment.

Parena said: "Mary, this is perfect rest! We shall be quite alone for four

hours."
"Yes, four long hours!" I replied. "No Nobody rehearsals, no engagements. Nobody knows where you are! If the whole company died they couldn't let you know."

know."
Parepa hugh merrily at this idea,
"Dinner shall be served in this room
and I won't allow even the servant to
look at rou!" I said.
She clusped her dimpled hands together, like a child in enjoyment, and
then aprang up to roll the little centertable nearer the grate. "This is a bettertire than we have at home," she said.

table nearer the grate. "This is a better fire than we have at home," she said. "Do you remember the scalding that day when I took you to our museuen, and you made great fun of our pot of coals?"

"Yes, and how abstred your Italian fires are? I almost perished."

I'mepa leaned her head back against the chair and said in a low voice: "Mary, that was a good Sunday in Venice, when my faithful old Luiga rowed, us round to Sr. Mark's to early mass said."

"Ohl how lovely it was." I interrupted. "It seemed like a dream-bow we sligged through the intic can'd unter the Bridge

AN EASTER WITH PAREPA. of Sighs, then walked through the courtyard of the Dogo's palace into the great solemn shadows of St. Mark's, I cense and the robed priests, and the slaw intonings. Such crowds of people, all

Pareps looked intently into tax eyes and softly laughed in her queer little Italian way. "And," she went on, "then you took me to your church where your priest read a song out of a book, and the men and women were very saler looking and sang so slow, why I can sing that little song new. I have never forgotten it."

Parepa folded her bands exactly like

Parepa folded her hands exactly like the Scotch Presbyterian folk of the small English church in Venice on the Grand canal, and sang slowly one verse of our old hyan, "When all 'hy mercies, oh my God," to the old true of "Canaan." "How everybody stared at yau when you joined in and sang," I said.

The snow had now turned into sleet a great chill fell ever the whole city. We looked out of our windows, teeping through the shutters, and pitying the people as they rushed past.

A sharp rap on my door, John thrust in a note.

in a note.

My Dear Friend-Can you Come? Annie has gone. She said you would be sure to come to her funeral. She spoke of you to the last. She will be buried

at 4.

I laid the poor little blotted note in Parepa's hand. How it stormed! We looked into each other's faces helplessly. I said, "Dear, I must go; but you sit by the fire and rest. I'll be at home in two hours. And poor Annie has gone!"

"Tell me about it Mary, for I am going with you," she answered.

She threw on her beavy closk, wound her long white wool scarf closely about her threat, drew on her woolen gloves, and we set out together in the wild Easter atorm.

Annie's mother was a dressmaker, and

Annie's mother was a dressmaker, and

Annie's mother was a dressmaker, and sewed for me and my friends. She was left a widow when her one little girl was 5 years old. Her husband was drowned off the Jersey coast, and out of blinding pain and loss and anguish had grown a sort of idolatry for the delicate, beautiful child whose brown eyes looked like the young husband's.

For Effects years this mother had loved

like the young husband's.

For fifteen years this mother had loved and worked for Annie, her whole being going out to bless her one child. I had grown fond of them; and in small ways, with books and flowers, outings and simple pleasures. I had made nyself dear to them. The end of the delicate girl's life had not seemed so rear, though her doom had been hovering about her for years.

I had thought it all over as I took the Easter lilies from my window shelf, and

I had thought it all over as I took the Easter lilies from my window shelf, and wrapped them in thick papers and bid them out of the storm under my cloak. I knew there would be no other flowers in their wretched room. How endless was the way to this east side tenement house! No elevated roads, no ropid transitu across the great city then, as there are now. At last we reached the place. On the street stood the canvas-covered hearse, known only to the poor.

We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the small upper rooms. In the middle of the floor stood a stained coffin, lived with stiff, rattling cambric and cheap gauze, resting on uncovered trestles of wood.

We each took the mother's hand and stood a moment with her, silent. All hope had gone out of her face. She shed no tears, but as I held her cold hand, I felt a shudder so over her, but also neither spoke nor sobbed.

The driving storm had made us late, and the plain, hurd-working people sat stiffly against the walls. Some one gave us chairs and we sat close to the mother. The minister came in, a blunt, hard-looking man, self-sufficient and formal. A woman said the undertaker brought him. Icier than the pitiless storm outside, yes, colder than ice were his words. He read a few verses from the Rible, and warned "the hereaved mather against relicition at the I divine decrees." He made a prayer and was gons.

A dreadful hush fell over the small

The minister can be a made, and consider the moderata of the second three constructions and the undertaken brought him. I cler than the pitiless storm outside, yes, colder than ice were his words. He read a few verses from the Bible, and warned "the bereaved mother against rebellion at the divine decrees." He made a prayer and was gons.

A dreadful hugh fell over the small bless the angel singing for Annie. A

THE WITTY WONDER OF THE WORLD.

The Sunday Gazette

---AND---

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"I can't remember why I didn't send," she said, her hand to her head, and added: "I seemed to die, too, and for-

set, till they brought a coffin. Then I knew it all." The undertaker came and bustled about. He looked at myself and Parepa, as if to say: "It's line to go." The wretched funeral service was over.

wretched funeral service was over.

Without a word Parepa rose and walked to the head of the coffien. She laid her white searf on an empty chair, threw her closk back from her shoulders, where it fell in long, soft, black lines from her noble figure like the drapery of mourning. She isid her soft, fair hand on the cold forehead, passed it tenderly over the wasted, deleaste faces, boked down at the dead girl a homent, and moved my Paster likes from the stained box to the thin fingers, then lifted up her head, and with illuminated eyes sang the glorious melody:

"Angels, ever bright and fair,

"Angels, ever bright and fair, Take, oh, take her to thy care." Her magnificent voice rose and fell in all its richness and power and pity and beauty! She looked above the dingy room and the tired faces of the men and wonien, the hard lainds and the straggling hearts. She threw back her head and sang till the choirs of paradise must have paused to listen to the Easter music of that day.

She passed her hand caressingly over the girl's soft, dark hair and sang one and on-"Take-sh, take her to thy eare." Her magnificent voice rose and fell

room. I whispered to the mother and asked. Why did you wait so long to send for me. All this would have been different."

With a kind of stare, she looked at me.

"I can't remember why I didn't send."

The said been hard and stare and she also have been all the precation or human at the last glorious notes of Parepa's voice rose triumphant over all earthly pain and soveres. And I thought that no queen ever went

And I thought that no queen ever went to her grave with greater ceremony than this young daughter of poverty and toil, committed to the care of all angels.

That same night thousands listened to Pareta's matchless voice. Applause ross to the skies and Parepa's own face was gloriously swept with emotion. I joined in the cathusiasm, but above the glitter and shimmering of jewels and dress, and the heavy odors of Easter flowers, the sea of smiling faces and the muratir of voices, I could only behold by the diminght of a tenement window the singer's uplifted face, the wondering counternances of the poor on-lookers, and the mother's wide, starded, tearful eyes. I could only hear above the sleet on the roof and the storm outside Parvyn's voice singing up to heaven: "Take, oh, take

singing up to heaven: "Take, oh, lake her to thy care."

Somebody in a loud whisper said in the sent beside me: "Did you hear l'areps sing 'Lo, the herald angels, in church this morning?" I answered to myself, rather thus to her: "I heard a storious voice beside the dead."

Some sharpers of Hoston have resurrected the old scheme of advertising.
Uncle Sam's stamps as fine steal obgravings, and reports from rural New
Emplants of victims. A man flying in
Spencer, Mass, saw an advertisement
that on the receipt of 51 an elegant obgraving of the Landing of Columbus'
would be sent. He forwarded that
annual and received in roturn tase of the
Columbian 2-cent stamps.

The first paper money could in this country was in Pannayivania in 1721.